ÄŒas

by ahnikagee

Summary: "What if you could go back in time, change everything and prevent all this?" With how post-apocalyptic Danny's world was beginning to seem, a blast to the past didn't sound all that bad.

ÄŒas

Sometimes what you think you're doing is a total waste of time, and then it ends up being one of the best things you ever did. Don't judge the day before it unfolds. Amazing things can happen, and do happen when you least expect them.

-Susan Gale

* * *

><p>Danny never knew what to think. He lived a annoyingly harsh life and almost always kept his thoughts to himself. Yet oftentimes he never knew what he should ponder. Should he hate his parents, their strange obsession with paranormal robbing him of any chance for a normal life? Should he hate other people, their judging ideals making it so he suffered alone?<p>

He wasn't completely alone, obviously, but he still believed firmly he lead a suckish life.

So when people hated him solely based on his parents, what was he to think?

Danny didn't actually blame them actually, sure, it hurt to lose friends because their parents claimed he was a "bad influence", it broke his heart that it took three years before his best friend was even allowed to go near his home and even more that his other best friend refused to tell his parents about Danny's. But Danny knew if he was in their shoes he would do the same thing for his kids.

Maybe.

But here he was, eyes glued on the window as small suburban houses flew past the school bus. Some pop station was turned on just loud enough if he tried hard enough Danny was able to tune out the yelling and laughter of the other students. His seat in the front helped keep his distance from the other kids.

The bus slowed to a stop and everyone jerked forward in their seats. Danny tiredly just let his head hit the back of the next chair, the cold leather pressing up against his slightly sweaty head. When the kid the bus picked up was on safely, it took off again and Danny's head departed from its cold friend with a slight smack.

A body plopped down onto the seat next to him and Danny turned away from the window to smile weakly at him.

"Hey, Tuck."

Said boy just grunted in reply, moving his backpack onto his lap and fishing in it for something. Seeing Tucker preoccupied enough, Danny turned his attention back to the window to watch the scenery fly past.

Just to entertain his thoughts, which stubbornly were stuck on his parents today, he tried to imagine a ghost, the kind his parents always talked about. The best image he could conjure up was obviously something from a old horror movie, a washed out bluish figure floating up and down near a broken down house. Danny sighed and let his mind wander further.

"You okay dude?" Danny felt a nudge from what he assumed to be Tucker's phone. He turned back over and met his best friends worried green eyes.

Tucker and Danny had decided around third grade that his parents would never be told that Danny Fenton was in the "Fenton Family", as in, the house with the giant glowing sign and the hazmat clad parents. The Foleys only knew that Danny unfortunately shared a last name with this family, but the duo insisted he was in no way related to them.

"'m just a little more tired than usual." Danny mumbled out finally. Tucker smiled sympathetically.

"I heard the explosions, what was it today? Death ray? Maybe some super awesome gun that actually works? Oh, oh, lemme guess, it was another robot that turned savage."

"Last one is the winner."

"Damn, another robot?"

"Actually nanobots, supposedly they would move threw ectoplasm and kill the ghost from the inside out. They took a liking to most of the stuff in our fridge and promptly caught it all on fire."

"You can have half my lunch."

"Thanks dude."

And their conversation closed as fast as it had begun. A long life as social rejects had left both boys relatively quiet and blunt in nature, even if Danny's was a bit more gentle. They could most definitely get loud, late night gaming sessions came to mind with the word loud, but in school they just stood out as awkward, and in Danny's case, overly snarky.

Danny tilted his head back to the right to watch the suburb-turned-city move past. His eyelids felt heavier by the second, so he leaned against his friends shoulder to relax a little more. Tucker glanced over before turning his eyes back to the screen, fingers moving fast for something. Danny halfheartedly read 'cover dan 4 sleep in lancers' before letting the sleep take over him.

The next moment he was being shook awake. He grunted and tugged the hands off him, only to find his "bed" moved out from underneath and his face hit the seat of the bus. Danny groaned and cracked open his eyes.

"Morning." Came the bemused voice of his friend. Danny groaned a bit loud before picking himself up off the leather and sitting up. A majority of the kids had already left, so they were practically alone.

"Good morning, again." Danny replied, streatching his hands out and twisting his back. It untensed with several loud pops that Tucker winced at.

"Dude, your going to break your back if you keep cracking it like that" He pointed out, eyeing Danny wearily like a mother scolding her son.

"If I don't die via nanobots first."

A long pause held the air as Tucker just sighed quietly.

"Just avoid nanobots from now on, okay?"

"After what it did to that poor ham sandwich, I think I'm going to have enough nightmares about them."

Tucker snorted before offering his hand to Danny and heaving him up.

The duo grabbed their bags and walked out the bus and onto the school courtyard. It was full of kids laughing and playing games, but most of them were standing around or sitting. A couple kids were tossing a football and Danny watched it smack a smaller boy right in the head. The people playing with it shoved him out of the way, grabbed the ball back before continuing the game.

"Good ol' highschool." Tucker said offhandedly, scanning the crowd for one last member of their strange clique.

"Hey guys!" Came a cheerful voice. Despit how she dress, Sam always seemed to be the most optimistic of the group. Not to mention the most accepting. Although she had many friends, Paulina and Star included, she enjoyed mostly spending her time with the two boys.

Tucker used to try and hit on her, long before he got a taste of her more violent side, and ended up learning a very hard way about respect.

The two turned and waved at Sam as she bounced over. A couple of girls Danny didn't recognize called a farewell to her and one mentioned something about liking her hair.

"Check this out!" She pulled something from her pocket before cupping it secretly, moving her fist out in display before the two boys. Her purple eyes gleamed in joy before she unclasped the object to show them.

It was a small bird's skull, seemingly recently deceased if Danny's eyes told him the truth. A scrap of meat still clung stubbornly to the eye socket and the bone was stained red in several places.

"Ew!" Tucker leaped away from her gothic trinket while Danny leaned a bit closer.

"She looks like a blue jay." He observed. Sam grinned larger before returning the decomposing skull to her pocket.

"Yeah, she used to nest near my window. This stray cat I've been feeding caught her on Monday for me and I've been waiting for all the guts and gunk to fall off." Sam chirped in reply. Tucker vaguely made a vomiting sound before turning away from the pair to put his focus on his phone.

"That's so sad."Danny mumbled, eyeing the pocket that held the cat's gift.

Sam shrugged. "Circle of life, yknow. Maybe she's being reborn as a cat and will fall in love with her killer."

"That sounds like a weird story."

"What if the cat secretly, like, knows about the past lives. What if because I've been feeding him he's going to make me immortal. What if-" She was abruptly cut off as the school bell rang. Danny rolled his eyes.

Tucker grabbed both of their hands and began to drag them into the crowded school halls. Danny tripped on one of the steps leading up to the large front doors, but the crowd pushed him forward so he was forced to quickly regain his composure.

The AC was a blessing on a hot summer day like today. It sprayed the cool air onto their sweaty faces and, underneath the loud clamor of the school, the population let out a general sigh of relief. The scent of blood, sweat and tears clung to the air, and Danny knew no matter how hard the janitor staff tried to uproot it they couldn't get the cause out, aka the hundreds of kids attending. He grinned at the mental image of a army of janitors throwing out the students.

The trio split up around a half circle hallway, their lockers located in very different spots. They had obviously tried to get them near each other, but sometimes you just can't win it all. Tucker and Sam got to walk together for a few more moments, but Danny took a sharp

left and a quick farewell to his friends.

His locker was number 109, Tucker was 273 and Sam's number was 234. Their first period was thankfully together, as was most of their classes, but life always managed to throw a curveball. Normally Danny wouldn't have minded the locker situation, not at all, but he definitely minded when Dash was number 110. And the 100 hall of lockers was right next to the gym.

He rounded the hallway and took another right into a older section of the school, the drywalls turning back to the original brick. Here the students thinned out so he had a lot of space to walk. A teacher stood outside his classroom and glared disapprovingly at two boys who were pushing each other around. Danny rolled his eyes and began to search for the familiar locker.

His was a little more banged up than the others, but he found a way to live with it. The lock itself was twisted, and the hole between the door and locker was dented and contorted, so he had to spend a little time wrestling the combination into it before yanking the door free.

"Oh, is your locker still broken? You might be late if you don't get it fixed soon..." The voice was laced with sarcasm and spoken in a slightly nasally tone that suggested the boy had a cold. Danny groaned internally and turned around to face Dash.

Dash and Kwan stood next to him, Dash holding a large text book under one arm while Kwan perched his bookbag over a slightly open locker to put his in. Both stared at him with frightening intensity. Danny grinned nervously.

"Heey guys..." He forced out, the words sounding strained.

Dash said nothing but shoved the boy back towards his locker. His spine cracked loudly and his legs were flung out towards the jocks, but he didn't quite fit and just fumbled awkwardly until he stood normally again.

"Hey, check this out!"

Then there was a loud crunch. Danny didn't feel anything for a moment but just stared as his tounge tasted copper and his nose dribbled a snot and blood mixture onto his chin. Then his mind caught up with his body and all the pain exploded within him at once.

Something had hit his face, hard. Danny barely took notice to the teacher who had been talking to the other boys before yelling something and rushing over as Dash and Kwan took off with a loud cry of laughter, his eyes shut trying to quell the urge to cry. A single history book fell to the floor, his blood glinting off a corner.

Yikes.

Danny barely noticed anything for the next few minutes, his mind flying to autopilot to escape the pain. As much as he had to deal with this sort of treatment, his pain tolerance had barely improved. He just shoved himself to the far corner of his mind and ignored it as best as he could.

The teacher guided him to the nurse, asking who those boys were and other common questions, as if he could try and stop them. "I don't know." He felt himself say often. One point the teacher asked his name and he groaned, not wanting this kind man to realise he was a 'Fenton' and possibly take away his chance at a ice pack.

Students stared obviously, probably thinking he had done something dumb to himself again. Danny didn't judge since it had been more than once he had tried to do a complex parkour move (mostly for shits and giggles with Tucker, they both knew he failed at gym for a good reason) or a race away from Dash that ended badly.

He covered his face with his hands as they kept walking to try and avoid the looks. A group of jocks promptly busted out laughing at the sight of him being herded by a teacher.

They arrived at the office a moment after the bell rang. Danny knew if he wanted to get back to class he had used up all his tardy slips from the nurse.

He tried to think positive as the teacher spoke to the nurse, a kind lady who saw Danny regularly. She was already handing him a ice pack and going to the phone.

His face supposedly looked bad enough that he would get a day off, whoopie. He was just glad that it would only be Jazz who drove him home, both his parents either too busy or such bad drivers it would only hurt him more. The nurse knew this and always called his older sister.

"Jasmine Fenton to the nurse's office, bring your things." Nurse Corky spoke into a chord phone before replacing it on the stand. She looked over sympathetically at the boy sitting on a bed.

"What happened?" She asked, waving the teacher away. He looked nervous for a moment, as if he wanted to stay behind, but he eventually turned and walked away.

"Fell down some stairs." Danny mumbled, his mouth hidden behind a large enough ice pack. It covered his entire face easily and left him feeling cold and numb.

The nurse let out a long sigh. "What Mr. Landaburgo had to say was a very different story." She said after a moment. He stiffened and felt a rise of panic in his chest, constricting it like a snake.

Corky didn't have a chance to hear his excuse as the door to the relatively quiet office was thrown open by a disgruntled looking Jazz Fenton. She stalked in with a frown on her face, which melted off in a split second as she saw him.

The extend of damage done to Danny's face must have worse that he expected with all the horrified reactions. Then again, both the nurse and Jazz had a large overprotective streak in his books. She raced over, her eyes lighting up in worry and anxiety.

"What happened?" She exclaimed, her eyes tracing bruises and cuts that he couldnt see.

Danny opened his mouth to spew the same excuse but the nurse cut him off. "Two boys shoved him into a locker and threw a book at him." She held up the history book. Danny groaned before falling back onto the sterile bed.

Jazz's mouth formed a thin line before she grabbed the book and opened it to the first page. The words DASH BAXTER spelled out in a messy font. She turned around before motioning to the nurse to follow her. Danny watched nervously as they left the room, the door swinging shut gently, leaving him in silence.

For a moment he just looked around. The large, medical related posters in childlike cartoons were faded and some peeling off the wall they had been stuck too. It gave off a 'old crazy cat ladies house' type of vibe and Danny found he didn't really mind much.

But the two girls were taking longer than he expected. He quickly grew bored by the scenery and stood from the bed. Behind the bandage cabinet was a window, so he pulled up a chair to the slightly reflective surface.

Damn. Danny definitely looked just as bad as it felt, the corner must have hit just below a eye as it was turning blackish yellow and swelling rapidly. His nose was a bloody mess, as was his mouth, and when Danny wiggled his tounge around he felt a crust of blood move on the sensitive muscle. Bite it bad enough, he mused.

The blood from either his nose or mouth was smeared around enough it made it look a lot worse that it was. He attempted to lick his hand and tried to rub some off that was edging dangerously close to his good eye. The dried crust didn't budge and the scab on his tounge popped off, leaving the bitter copper taste in his mouth again.

The door was opened again. Danny turned around to see Jazz and a horrible and obvious lack of Nurse Corky.

"Let's go." She said after a moment. Danny nodded gently and moved to stand only to find her hands on his elbow as she helped him up. He shot her a dirty look.

"I've got it." He spat. His tounge was far more swollen than he realised since his voice was slurred and lisping terribly. The Fentons both winced before she let go and stepped back to let him get up.

He stood silently band motioned for Jazz to move out of his way. She began walking out of the room and the bloody boy begrudgingly followed. Like silent phantoms, the siblings left the school followed by curious stares and hundreds of new theories behind this new injury.

Neither had to guts to tell the school what really happened, so the cause would be able to hurt him again when he got back.

"What are you going to tell Mom and Dad?" Jazz asked as she turned the key in the ignition. Danny clipped the seatbelt into its place and leaned back.

"Like they would even notice. All they ever do is spend their time down in the lab." He spat, his voice still broken up.

Jazz gripped the wheel harder, her knuckles turning white. She pulled up to a stop light and Danny subconsciously noticed he didn't remember they had already started driving.

The rest of the drive was in silence. They pulled up to the obnoxious and embarrassing house, funded purely on government donations and a old rich friend who supported their ghost hunts enough.

"I care, yknow." She mentioned offhandedly as he got out of the car. Danny froze, his arm still holding on to the door. He turned back and met her eyes.

She stared at him with frustration evident in her eyes.

"You could tell someone, get Dash in trouble enough he wouldn't hurt you. You don't need this."

He turned his head without a reply and started trudging up the driveway. He never knew what he should think, let alone how he should reply. Danny did know he could get Dash in enough trouble to be expelled from Casper High, but all that would mean is he was a larger target, and Dash's daily beatings would fall onto some other poor, unfortonate soul who crossed paths with the bully on a bad day.

Jazz followed, sighing loud enough that he would hear. She fiddled with the keys to open the house. The door clicked and flew open, revealing a painfully empty house.

Danny waved goodbye to his sister and headed went straight to the bathroom. Jazz always insisted that she had to finish the school day whenever something like this would happen. He closed the bathroom door and stared into the square mirror, the beaten reflection looking back.

He knew what to think right now, a rare occurrence, and it all boiled down to "Fuck Dash."

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><p>Alright, explanation time. I've had the idea of a time travel fic bounceing around in my head for ages around now, but now I've decided making it a little AU. I still haven't decided if I should jump from Past Danny to Present Danny every other chapter or stick to Past Danny, but Ill have it sorted out by next chapter. Also, first fic in like, forever! I mean seriously, my last fic was from a bad weeby faze and I only recently rediscovered this account. Kudos to me, I guess.<p>

P.S sam is finally nice to all girls this will never change in this story sam will finally be amazing

So without giving away the plot, here's what you should expect next chapter.

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><p>Summary for Chapter 2: Danny had expected to hide in his room and angst for the rest of the day, he certainly didn't expect to find a future version of himself sitting on his bed asking if he could get a

glass of water. What a plot twist, he mused.<p>

End
file.